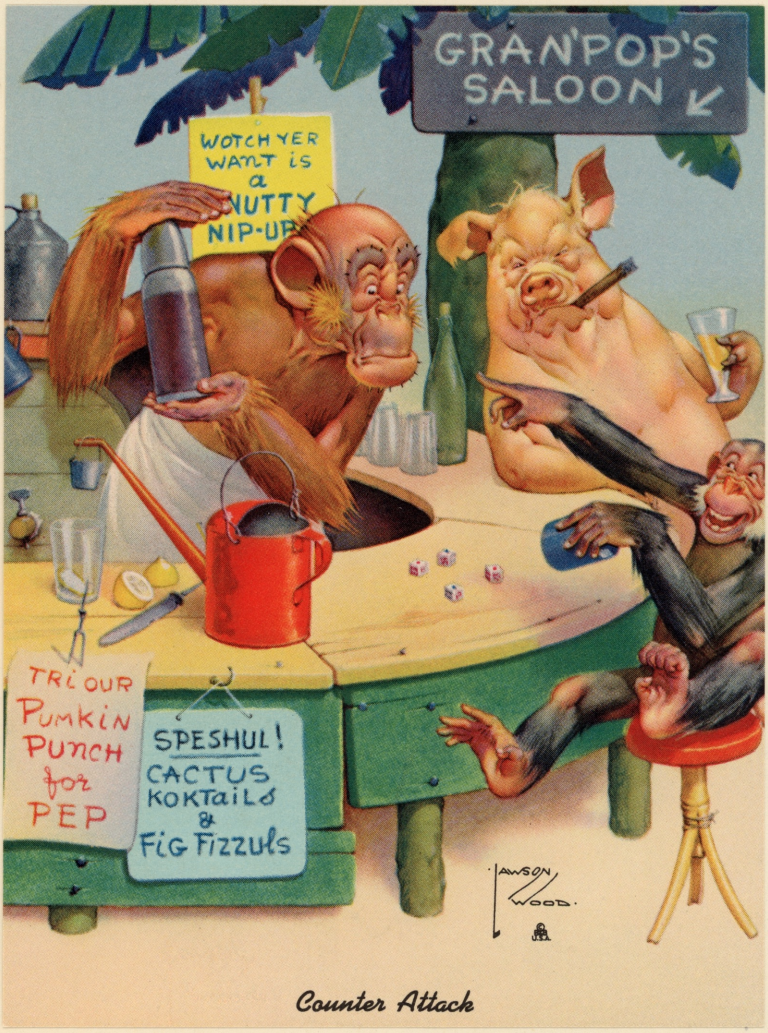
SAWDUST

JULY - 1944

VOL. IV. - NO. 7

"Inyo - Mono: The Last Great Stronghold of American Traditions and Western Philosophy"


GRAN'POP'S SALOON
WOTCH YER WANT IS a NUTTY NIP-UP
TRI OUR PUMKIN PUNCH for PEP
SPESHUL! CACTUS KOKTAILS & FIG FIZZULS
LAWSON WOOD

Counter Attack

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF GENERAL INTEREST ISSUED BY THE LONE PINE LUMBER & SUPPLY CO. FOR COMPLIMENTARY CIRCULATION AMONG ITS FRIENDS, CUSTOMERS AND CUSTOMERS-TO-BE.

TODAY

I've shut the door on Yesterday,
Its sorrows and mistakes;
I've locked within its gloomy walls
Past failures and heartaches;
And now I throw the key away
To seek another room,
And furnish it with hope and smiles
And every spring-time bloom.
No thought shall enter this abode
That has a hint of pain,
And every malice and distrust
Shall never therein reign;
I've shut the door on Yesterday
And thrown the key away—
Tomorrow holds no doubt for me
Since I have found Today.

Founded A. D. 1919
by
Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Dow

•

Rudie Henderson
Edward Hjeltness
Guy Martin
Florence Adair
Albert Sainz
Cruz Sainz
O. H. Honerlah
Amanda Lasky
Chas. E. Ellis
Orin F. Dearborn
Walter Santos

•

E. P. Fitzgerald
Lee Meyers

•

Jimmy-the-Red, Mascot

•

Chalfant Press, Printers

IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT . . .

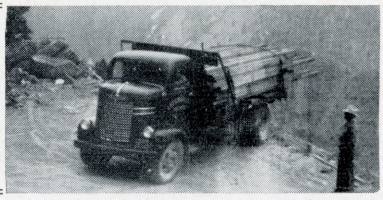
Lone Pine's Community Plunge constructed by the spontaneous efforts of local folks and unsolicited cash donations from Kansas to the far Pacific, missed by a split hair the axe of the War Production Board's. Fortunately there had apparently been no blunder in exceeding the new materials and labor limitations, so again, Charlie Sumner was deprived of putting to use his new and unpatented invention for funneling sunshine to local individuals incarcerated in dark dungeons for violation of putrid bureaucratic regulations.

The WPB investigator would not believe that so many thousands of hours of labor could be utilized without expenditure of one penny. With his wife (who came along for the pleasure ride), he laid over until evening to personally verify the spontaneous labor of local fellows sweating away pouring concrete. Free beer and cokes were served to workers only.

Assuming a violation had been uncovered it would be small change compared to flagrant nose-thumbing of WPB regulations that go on in a big way throughout our nation.

For example, during the months of April, May and June of this year, the Chicago SUN used 886.79 tons of newsprint in excess of WPB's quota. At 40 tons per carload that amounts to a fair sized freight train. Shortage of paper has impeded the war effort. But the Chicago SUN is consistently New Deal and is hotly for the 4th term.

Comparison is ridiculous. With an office in Chicago, WPB has failed to stroll over to the SUN'S plant, but considered it essential to rush an investigator from Los Angeles to Lone Pine on a round trip of 450 miles. Gasoline and tires are not even a consideration to WPB when the desire dominates to resort to pettiness—and perhaps put the axe to persons who will not bend their knees meekly and worshipfully to dictatorship.



Capable driver Lee Meyers easing lumber load out over precipitous Morgan Creek Canyon, preparatory to making turn on one of several switch-backs enroute to U. S. Vanadium's mine, 11,000' up the slope of the Sierra Nevada.

SENTENTIOUS ANCEDOTES

De-Ranked

In re your comment on me and my slight relationship to the plunge — you called me "a rank outsider" you know. Just how much investment of cash, labor, and worry does a guy have to make in a community to at least get the "rank" dropped from the title?—Roy L. French, Director, School of Journalism, USC, Los Angeles.

● Let reader Major French, veteran of World Wars I and II, wearer of the Purple Heart, angel of the publishing cartel in Owens Valley, refer to Webster's Unabridged to ascertain that in addition to strong-scented, "rank" is defined as very rich and fertile. Major French has made two substantial cash gifts to Lone Pine's community plunge.—Ed.

Quotationist

A clipping from my brother who is secretary of the Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, Kiwanis Club, shows that SAWDUST surely does get around. —G. O. Goodwin, Independence, Calif.

Colossal Request

I read the POST which carried Father Crowley's story and sure would like to see his life story in SAWDUST so it could be kept. —Lois Hopewell, Compton, Calif.

Pining for Lone Pine

A while back I read the article on the Desert Padre in the POST, with Dr. Dueker's picture . . . It sure made me homesick for the Valley.—Doyle R. Abern, Bremerton, Wash.

Quote of the Campaign

If Roosevelt gets elected again I'm going to move to Canada. If I've got to live under a king, I want it to be under one with some experience.—C. I. Sumner, Lone Pine, Calif.

The Perfect Tribute

"Harold Ickes . . . that prodigious bureaucrat with the soul of a meat ax and the mind of a commissar . . ."—Clare Boothe Luce.

Incendiarist

"I ain't got time to be sitting around here on my pants, trying to dope out what you crackpots are saying," observed Mr. Digby. "I figure I owe Uncle about a yard and a half, so here's the dough. You can fill out the form yourselves. You got more time than I have, on account of I have to work for my living."—Mr. Digby and the Income Tax in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

June Lake Hypochondriasis

Regarding three pieces of White Coralite that you were to ship me direct from Los Angeles. Will you please advise whether or not this is to be delivered before I **die** of old age? — Jack Cassidy, June Lake, Calif.

Finally received my siding, now if I could get them sash that I order in april I might be able to start my joint. A house does not look good without sash in it. Hope I get them be fore I **die.**—John C. Jones, June Lake, Calif.

Solace

Inclosed is money order . . . My stove is fine and I thank you.— Mrs. Lou Williams, Leevining, Calif.

CIVIC DUTY . . .

Life in a small community has a number of satisfactions denied to the city dweller. Direct participation in civic enterprises is one of these. The city dweller pays his municipal taxes, probably somewhat reluctantly, and then grumbles that he doesn't know what they do with all his money. But when a community like Lone Pine decides it needs a swimming pool, its citizens pitch in and build it by the sweat of their brows and the muscles of their collective backs and arms.

A power-shovel operator in Bishop went over to Lone Pine

and put his equipment to work. In Darwin a public-spirited citizen heard about the project and sent over three trucks and drivers to haul away the dirt. Then the townspeople got to work. Weekly schedules were made up and the men of Lone Pine reported for duty at 7 p.m. after putting in a full day's work at their own jobs. Some of the men reported every night, others signed up for two or three nights a week. The ladies of the community served hot dogs, home-made cakes and coffee to the workers on the plunge and everybody had a whale of a time.

I envy the people of Lone Pine. The first swim in their new pool will be more fun than diving from an overhanging log into that mythical old swimming hole.

—Westways.

RETROSPECTION . . .

Although Lone Pine has never been afflicted with growing pains, a long felt want has recently been filled in the formation of a Chamber of Commerce. Sagacious Howard Davies consented to serve as Executive Secretary, despite the fact that the newly formed organization does not—and perhaps will never—have a flush exchequer.

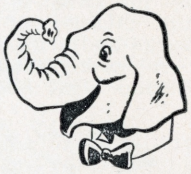
Pictured above is the Chamber of Commerce's Executive Secretary, cow-hide boots and all, at the age of 13, caressing the cairn on the top-most pinnacle of Mt. Whitney. With husky Howard is his mother, Elma Belle Williamson, having the distinction of being the first lady to ride a horse to Whitney's summit.

Prior to the construction of the trail under the supervision of G. F. Marsh, scaling Whitney was an arduous task afoot.

Wallpaper

Skippy, 11-year-old local mongrel of dubious breed will not be present at this year's 4th of July. Skippy disappeared last month . . .

Apparently these old New Dealers consider all under 60 years of age, imbeciles. In his raspy vitriolic and scarcastic agony Sir Itchies referred to Dewey as "the boy wonder". The "boy wonders" of this nation are required to win wars for old men to settle the peace. The "boy wonders" have always come through, but we take note that the old men have yet to perform miracles in arranging permanent peace . . . The greatest undeveloped territory in the world is right under your hat . . . Distinguished guest of the month: Capable Congressman Clair Engle . . . We were also honored by the appearance of Dr. and Mrs. Mark Williamson of Oceanside attending the graduation of Grandson Cam Miller. Mark wasted some valuable Kodachrome photographing some of the personnel of this building materials institution . . . We once wondered what had become of Fairy Soap, whereupon Mrs. Garnet Showalter presented us with a cake bought on the local market. Now, will somebody produce us a bar of Jap Rose Soap? . . . The absentee problem in Berlin is acute. Every day a few more factories fail to show up for work . . . Julius Mahrt explosively expostulated to this writer kabitzing on his game of solitaire that if he ever wanders far from home he is going to carry a deck of cards on his hip as a preventative for getting lost. According to Julius, all he would need to do if lost in the deep and seething jungles of the Congo would be to sit down and start a game of "solitary" and within five minutes some "damned fool" would point over his shoulder and say: "Put that card on the deuce of spades" . . . We could scarcely believe that Mark Dailey of Coso Hot Springs was turning away all New Dealers. Inquiry revealed that Mark was blandly asking new registrants whether they were New Dealers and when the answer was in the affirmative he cryptically commented: "Sorry, we can't do anything for you here. We can help only those physically afflicted, not the mentally sick." . . . Definition of a bachelor: A selfish, calloused, undeserving man who has cheated some worthy woman out of a divorce . . . Pet peeve: Motorists who are unable to make U-turns from the middle of intersections but must veer over into the right cross-walk . . . Have you heard Amos and Andy's rejuvenated radio program each Thursday evening? It's good! Recent prize crack was Andy's blunt assertion that Jack Benny wouldn't be "nuthin'" without Rochester . . . Definition of a bathing beauty: A gal who has a lovely profile—all the way down . . . To which we might add a little advice to women war workers: If the sweater is too big for you, look out for the machines. If you're too big for the sweater, look out for the men . . . Don't let 'em kid you—women snore, too . . . We asked Mrs. O. B.



Kellogg if this month's new grandchild was her first. To which she spiritedly retorted: "Say, how old do you think I am, anyway?" . . . Speaking of births, this writer surrenders the throne to Roy Pemberton, now the father of four sons . . . An itinerant public schools dentist, practicing in a trailer, recently advocated to the Lone Pine Lions Club additional itinerants with the soothing statement that it won't cost local taxpayers anything "because the State will pay for them." Just who the hell is the State? . . . OPA regulations are soon to be easier for us common folks to grasp. The windy boys in Washington intend to consolidate their present 16-volume set of regulations to a mere 12 vols. of the same size. They are to be hot off the press in November, right after election. If there's a paper shortage this winter and magazines get scarce, we can fall back on OPA's bible . . . The only person we know who can get any where by letting things slide is the trombone player . . . The current lumber shortage is due to lack of manpower and not a shortage of timber in the woods . . . As a member of the fraternity we blush to mention that the wholesale cost of lumber has risen 68 per cent in the past three years. Steel has gone up 0 per cent . . . During the bleak Pearl Harbor Christmas holidays of 1941 Mr. and Mrs. John Dorward of Westend spent a pleasant winter's afternoon with us accompanied by two RAF cadets fresh from England and Scotland: William Reid and Reginald Bower. The Dorwards recently mailed us a newspaper clipping going into considerable detail about Flight Lt. William Reid, 21-year-old Lancaster bomber-pilot, awarded the VC last November and now decorated by the King in recognition for piloting his Lancaster over 200 miles, after being hit by the Nazis, to complete his bombing mission on Dusseldorf. Reid was seriously wounded in the head, shoulders and hand; his navigator killed; his radio operator fatally wounded; his bomber battered; but he pressed on to his objective . . . Our first mess of trout for the season, as usual, was from proficient angler Gail Showalter . . . Glancing over our monthly bank statements we can't help but muse what a great world this would be if we could date our checks as far ahead as the publishers date their magazines . . . Mussolini, at any rate, has achieved the unique distinction of being the only Roman who became a bust in his own lifetime . . . This month a local 13-year-old underwent a joint appendectomy and circumcision. On the operating table he suggested to his father that he have the same things done so they could be in the hospital together . . . Recent nostalgic moment was Vivian's quivering farewell over the radio after four years on General Electric's "Hour of Charm" . . . We were bothered about delivery of 12x12s forty feet long to the Natural Soda Products Company. Driver Tom Hancock told us to balance them on the 12-foot bed of Fitzgerald's close-coupled Ford and he would deliver them. He did! . . . Charlie Cord endeared himself to Rudie II by the presentation of a regulation brass bugle to replace the plastic product he had been tooting . . . We are compelled to admit the so-called humor in SAWDUST is a bit crummy in comparison to the witticisms in the local weekly Lions Club Bulletin edited by Howard Davies . . . Our sympathies to Hoffman Hardware Company's salesman Jack Allen of Bakersfield in the death of his son while in combat in Italy.

SHANGRI-PUTNAM TO SHANGRI-LA

Army Air Corps Major George Palmer Putnam stated in October 1943, SAWDUST: "I hope to write a little something for your great religious monthly . . . " Our expectations were unfulfilled. Nevertheless, we have had the rare fortune of being on the reciving end of exceedingly interesting letters from

Major Putnam, despite the fact, as with most of our good friends, they have never been answered.

Lone Pine's Major Putnam has the distinction of shouldering many of the responsibilities of the first squadron of huge B-29's assigned to the Asiatic sector.

Herewith, a portion of his latest letter:

Likely today you have read some about two raids we made on Japan night before last . . . at least, one on Nagasaki and one on a great oil refinery in Sumatra. The first was from one of our Shangri-La bases in China, the second from a certain place to the south, which as yet may not be named. This afternoon I got back from there. A paltry round trip of perhaps 2,500 miles. In the past I have been commuting pretty regularly over the Hump into China, which is an experience in itself These Big Babies are wonderful creations, and I'm lucky to be in the outfit.

But what I started to write about is SAWDUST. Today, when I got back from over the Indian Ocean, there awaited me the February issue. A long time coming.

Wish I had time to contribute some local facts to embellish your "Gems of American Architecture" series. We might arrange an Asian edition. They are something special. I haven't seen water in a closet of that kind (my clothes closet leaks water every Monsoon rain, but that's different) since we got east of Cairo. Up in China, comfort stations are downright important, economically. For what they produce is the most important fertilizer for the rice paddies. I have a couple of lovely photos I'll show you later on, and if you wish you may reproduce 'em in SAWDUST. The first shows a coolie in the act at one of the fifty or so outdoor straddle trenches at our advance base. The other shows the lad with the little basket and pincers who comes along and picks up what the first man left. When he gets two baskets full (they are carried on a pole across his shoulders) he has a saleable cargo.

We'll discuss these scientific

matters later. Perhaps you'd like to sponsor a lecture. Anyway, looks like I may be back in Owens Valley before so very long. My ancient chassis is giving 'way. Don't seem able to take the rugged life since a fever that caught up with me over in China. If that comes to pass, please, Mister, prevail on some kind friend to freeze a quarter of venison for me and keep it to gladden the heart of a returning veteran who is damned sick of Spam, C-Ration and water-buffalo meat.

Please lay aside for me that article in the SEP about Father Crowley. When I get back I want to read it.

—G. P. Putnam

—SD—

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS . . .

Thanks to lumber-broker Art Twohy of Los Angeles for the photograph on page 3 of one of our truck-loads of lumber enroute to U. S. Vanadium; to WESTWAYS for permission to re-print "Civic Duty" with drawing by Lauritzen on page 5; and to Lone Pine's Guy Martin for the photograph of Howard Davies and mother Elma Belle Williamson, also on page 5.

—SD—

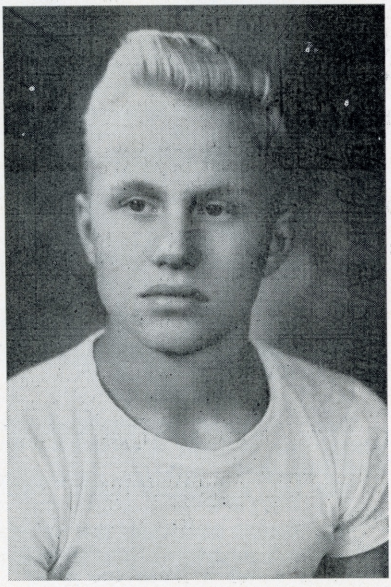
TAIL-SPIN-BOB . . .

SAWDUST has often mentioned and pictured its mascot, Jimmy-the-Red. But little has been said of handsome big-brother, platinum-haired Bob. Unlike Jimmy-the-Red he has never bothered to take an air-plane ride. That is—until this month.

Bob soloed after eleven hours of intensive instruction, and with more than thirty hours of flying-time to his credit took his cross-country flight to Reno. Examination of the ship upon his return revealed a cracked spar.

Born in the horse and buggy age, a parent watches with mingled emotions his first-born son flying an airplane and maneuvering it into banks, spins and dead-stick landings, as required to qualify as a full-fledged pilot.

Paradoxical as it may be, the California Division of Motor Vehicles, until last month, declined to issue Bob a driver's license, but the Civil Aeronautics Authority licensed him as a student air pilot.



Oddly, Bob's mother has expressed no objections to his flying.

In September, Bob's flying will temporarily end as he will be residing in San Diego, where civilian flying is restricted. He will then be a cadet in the John Brown Military Academy.

While home for Christmas, Jimmy-the-Red will perhaps continue to admiringly address his big brother as Tail-Spin Bob.

BEHIND THE BANDSAW

Two small Negro boys were sitting on a curb. One turned to the other and said, "Ah's five. How old is yo'?"

"Ah doan know. Ah guess Ah's five, too."

"Does yo' dream of wimmin?"

"Nope."

"Yo's only **foh!"**

—SD—

"Did the children behave when you bathed them?" inquired the mistress of the new French nurse, when she returned home from the card party.

"All but ze biggest boy, and how he fight and kick before I get him in ze water," replied the nurse.

"Which biggest boy? We've only one boy, Freddy, and he's not two years old."

"Eet is not leetle Freddy, I mean. Eet is ze big boy with glasses and curly hair."

"Good gracious! That's not my boy, that's my husband!"

—SD—

Two druggists were talking about one of their associates who had just died.

"He was a great druggist," said one.

"He was," admitted the other. "But don't you think he made his chicken salad a little too salty?"

—SD—

I sat next to the Duchess at tea;
'Twas just as I feared it would be!
Her rumblings adominal
Were simply phenomenal
And everyone thought it was me!

—SD—

Betty: "I refused Harry two months ago, and he has been drinking ever since."

Gladys: "Well, I say that's carrying a celebration a little too far."

Sergeant: "You guys are so dumb that if you stood in a circle the Federal government would raid you for being a dope ring!"

—SD—

"What is a gentleman?"

"A gentleman is a man you don't know very well."

—SD—

Jimmy, aged eight, was assigned by his teacher to write a piece about his origins. Seeking co-operation, he questioned his mother.

"Mom, where did Grandma come from?"

"The stork brought Grandma, darling."

"Well, where did you come from?" pursued Jimmy.

"The stork brought me, too."

"And me, too?"

"And you, too, dear."

Resignedly Jimmy wrote the lead for his composition:

"There have been no natural births in our family for three generations."

—SD—

Mr. Gotrocks: "You say you want to marry my daughter? Preposterous, young man! You couldn't even keep her in underwear."

Suitor: "You haven't been doing too well yourself, sir!"

—SD—

Jack: "Didn't she let you kiss her?"

Bob: "Oh, heavens, no! She isn't that kind."

Jack: "She was to me"

—SD—

"Why did you leave Mrs. Slater's boarding house after three years?"

"I found they had no bathtub."

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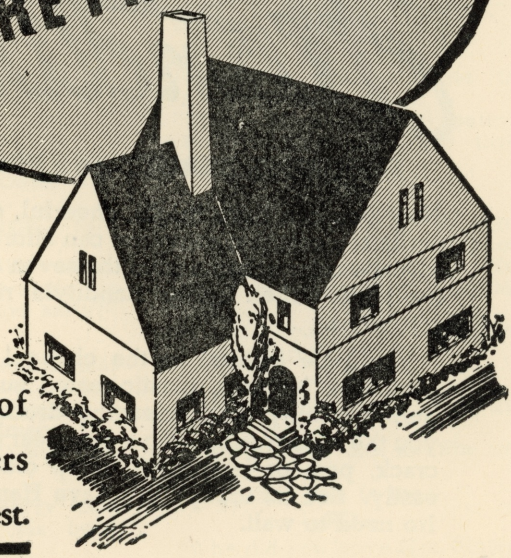

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